

BABCOCK'S NO. 4 TOYS.

LITTLE MARY;

OR

THE PLEASANT DAY.

A

GOOD EXAMPLE

FOR

GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

—
1839.

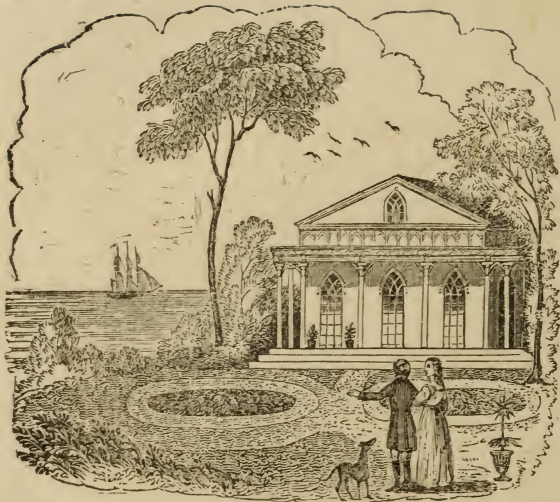
NEW HAVEN, CT.

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NEW HAVEN :
S. BABCOCK, — CHURCH STREET.

1839.



MARY'S HOME.

LITTLE MARY.

“Come, Mary, it is time to rise,” said Mrs. Heath to her only child, one very fine summer’s morning, as she stood at Mary’s bedside, and drew back the curtains. “Make haste and open your eyes, my dear; the sun is shining bright,—the birds are singing very sweetly,—and the flowers give forth fresh fragrance; come,—you will quite enjoy a run in the garden, before breakfast.”

“That I shall, mamma,” replied Mary; “but my eyes are not quite open yet;—there, now I think I can see. Oh, dear, the sun is bright, indeed, for it makes me shut my eyes again.”

“Never mind, my love,” said her mamma; “wash your eyes in this clean cold water, and you will soon be able to keep them open. I

shall leave you now, and when you have dressed yourself you may join me in the garden."

"Thank you, mamma," replied Mary; "I shall be with you very soon."

So Mary arose very quickly and began to dress herself; but first she combed her hair and brushed it smooth, and then she washed her hands and face, and after dressing herself neatly, she knelt down and prayed to her Heavenly Father to protect her from all danger and to keep her from all sin; and she thanked Him for taking care of her while she slept, and for all His goodness to her every day of her life.

She never went to bed at night, and never arose in the morning without doing this; and she always remembered to thank her Heavenly Father for giving her a kind mother who had taught her this duty to Him.

Mary Heath was a sweet-tempered little girl, of between five and six years of age.

She was now, as I have already told you, the only child of her fond parents, having lost a little brother several years before, who died of the scarlet fever.

The sudden death of little James was a great loss to Mary, as she was very fond of him, and he was her constant companion in all their little sports.

Mary saw at the time, young as she was, that this event caused her parents great grief; and, though unhappy herself, she strove with all her little might to become a comfort to them. She was kind, gentle, dutiful, and affectionate, not only to her father and mother, but to every one else, and she was beloved by all.

The house where Mary and her parents lived, was a beautiful country residence, situated on the sea-shore. In front of it were fine shady trees, with pleasant walks beneath them. Behind the house was a large garden, in which were fruit-trees, plants, and beautiful

flowers, of almost every kind. From the garden and house they could look out upon the broad ocean, and see ships and other vessels sailing by, on their voyages to and from distant countries.

When Mary had finished her devotions, she put on her bonnet and went to her mamma in the garden. Here she amused herself by looking at the beautiful plants and flowers, and by watching the little birds as they hopped about under the fruit bushes, or on the green lawn, picking up worms and insects.

They also went near a fine large bee-hive, and looked at the bees as they flew from flower to flower to gather honey, which they stored away in the hive.

Here her mamma explained to her how the bees industriously labored all the summer, to provide food for the coming winter, when the flowers would be all withered and gone, and they could make no more honey.



“Learn a lesson of wisdom from these little insects, my dear child,” said Mrs. Heath, “and gather knowledge in the summer of youth. You will find it a great comfort and solace in the winter of age.”

“I will try to remember what you say, dear mamma,” answered Mary. “I am sure I shall often think of the bees, and of the birds too. How hungry and how happy they all seem!

And I am hungry and happy too. One good run round by the long walk, and then I will have my breakfast, as well as the bees and birds. So, good-bye, mamma." And away she ran.

When Mary went back into the house, a bowl of nice bread and milk stood ready for her on her little table. "Oh, I am so hungry," said she, as she sat down. The milk looked nice, and Mary was tempted to take a drink out of the bowl; but on taking hold of the bowl, she found it was quite hot, and felt sure the milk would scald her mouth. So she put it down and waited patiently for the bread and milk to cool.

As soon as she had finished her breakfast, she went out into the garden again, to feed her parrot, which was in a cage under the large apple-tree. When Mary had given Poll her breakfast, she amused herself by trying to learn her pet to speak some new words,



and she laughed heartily at Poll's awkward attempts to imitate her little mistress.

Mary was soon tired of trying to teach this pupil of hers ; so she went down the long walk of the garden, and from some plants which her mother had given her, she cut, with a small knife, a sprig of sweet briar, a pink, and a rose. These she tied with a bit of thread into a little nosegay, and then went to the window of the breakfast room to see if

her mamma was there. But no; her mamma went into her own room when she left Mary in the garden, and had not yet come down from it. So Mary sat down and *tried* to wait patiently till her mother should come. She held the flowers in her hand, and now and then she put them to her nose to smell their sweet fragrance, or looked at them to admire their bright colors.

Soon she saw her mamma come down, and she ran to give her the nosegay. Her papa was also in the room, and they both kissed their little girl, and told her they were glad to see her well and happy, and that she might stay with them during breakfast.

Mary liked this very much, and she talked with them about many things; she told her father that she and mamma went, the day before, to see aunt Jane and her cousins, Lucy and James; and that Lucy had a pretty new book, full of beautiful pictures, and they all three sat down under the old oak tree, near



aunt's house, and James read some of the stories in it to them.

When her papa had finished his breakfast, he took up a large book and read aloud from it to her mamma. Mary did not know what it meant, for she had never heard the words before; but she knew it would be very wrong to disturb him by talking; so she sat quite still till he had done reading.

After her father had gone out, the breakfast things were taken away, and then Mrs. Heath heard Mary read her lesson, and taught her to sew. When Mary read to her mamma, she did not look off from her book to gaze out of the window, or to stare about her, for she knew she had time enough to see the garden and all that was in it, as well as what was in the room, when she was not reading.

There was one thing that this morning had nearly made her idle. A little kitten was in the room with its mother, jumping about; first playing with a piece of paper, then running round and round after its tail, and doing so many droll tricks, that Mary two or three times quite forgot her book in looking and laughing at the kitten. But her mamma said,

“I think, Mary, you had better send puss and the kitten out of the room; I do not wonder that her tricks amuse you, and cause you to forget your book; but as she thus



loses both your time and mine, we had better send her away.”

Mary thought so too; so she took up the kitten and put her out of the room, and put puss out too, and then sat down to her book once more, and lost no more time.

When she had read her lesson, she put her book in its place on the shelf, and then went

out to wash her hands before she sewed, that she might not soil her work.

As she came back through the hall, the door next the street was open, and near it lay her papa's large dog. She saw that a poor little girl stood near, looking at the dog, as if she dare not pass him. Mary asked her what was the matter, and the child said—

“I want to go home, but I am afraid that great dog will not let me pass.”

“He will not hurt you,” said Mary; “but if you are afraid, I will lead you past him, for he knows me, and is fond of me, and he will not hurt any one that is with me.”

So Mary took hold of the child's hand and led her past old Trim, who only looked up at Mary and wagged his tail, as if to ask her how she did.

“You need never be afraid of Trim,” said Mary; “he never hurts children.” She then went back to her mamma, and told her what she had done. “You do not like me to go



into the street alone, I know, mamma ; but there was no one near, and I thought, as it was to do a kindness, I might go out.”

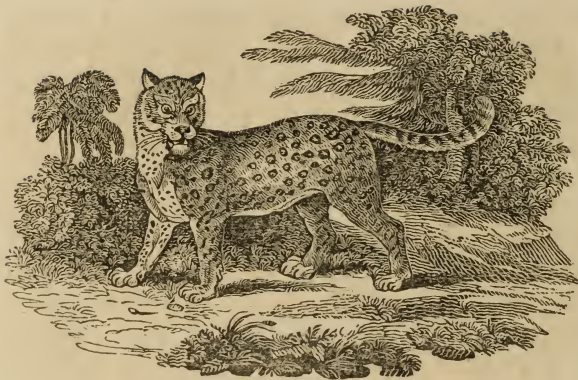
Her mamma told her she had done right, and Mary sat down to her work. While she sewed, Mrs. Heath read to her several pretty tales out of a new book, which Mary’s father had given her the week before. One of these



tales was about a little boy who would not tell a lie; it was called *The Broken Pitcher*.

When she had finished reading this tale, her mamma said, "Now let me see your work. It is very neatly done, my love; there are a few long stitches here, but all the rest is as it should be. Put it away now, for I hear your papa come in, and we must prepare for dinner."

A friend of her father, whose name was Johnson, and whom Mary had never seen before, came to dine and take tea with them. He talked to her father and mother a long time, and of things of which she knew nothing; but she did not interrupt them by asking questions, or by making a noise, but tried to amuse herself with her work; when she was tired of sewing, she took down one of her books and looked at the pictures in it. This book was called *Animal Biography*, and had pictures in it of almost all kinds of wild beasts. Among the rest was a fine picture of a Leopard, which the book told her was an animal of the same kind as the Tiger, only not so large; and instead of being striped like the Tiger, is spotted all over his yellow body with small black spots, like the one in the picture over the leaf. The Leopard loves blood, and will kill man and beast without mercy. Though he eats much, he is always lean. They are found in almost all hot parts of the earth. As



their beautiful spotted skins are of great value, men catch them in deep pits which they dig in the earth for them to fall into.

Once a male and female leopard, with three young ones, entered a large sheep-fold, and killed nearly a hundred sheep, and regaled themselves with the blood. When the old ones had feasted enough, they tore a carcass into three pieces, and gave one of these to

each of their young. They then took each a whole sheep, and thus laden began to move off. But having been seen, they were way-laid on their return, and the female and the young ones killed. The male, with his sheep, made a safe retreat.

In another of her books she found a picture which pleased her above all the others. It was a picture of a large dog with a little boy on his back. Mary read the whole story about it.

The little fellow lost his way in a snow storm, and could not tell where he was; he wandered about, first one way, and then the other, till at last he was overcome with fatigue and cold. He was quite unable to stand, and as the snow fell very thick and fast, he would soon have been covered up with it, and have died in a short time. But the dog found him and pulled him out before he was quite chilled through. So the little fellow managed to get on the dog's back, and putting his arms around



the faithful creature's neck, so that he might not fall off, the dog carried him safely home.

Mary was glad the child was saved from freezing to death, and she thought what a good, and kind, and *knowing* dog it must be. Then, after reading this, she laid out a little puzzle, and amused herself till tea-time. After tea, Ann came in and told her it was time to go to bed. So she put her work box,

book, and puzzle, in their proper places, and then went up to her mamma and kissed her, and said, "Good night," in a whisper; and then she went to her papa, and standing on tip-toe, kissed his cheek, and said, "Good night" to him, also in a whisper. Her papa lifted her up, and said, "Good night, my dear child." Mary looked at Mr. Barker, not knowing whether she might wish him good night, too. He held out his hand to shake hands with her, and said, "Good night, my dear; you are one of the best children I ever saw, for you think more of others than of yourself: you have been quiet and happy, and have caused no trouble to any one. Pray, Mrs. Heath, will you permit her to stay ten minutes longer?"

"Since you are so good as to wish it, I cannot object to her doing so," said Mrs. Heath.

Mr. Barker then took a snuff-box from his pocket, and laid it on the table, and in a mo-

ment after Mary heard some very sweet music, unlike any she had ever heard before.

“How pretty! how strange!” cried Mary; “does the music come from that box?” She put her ear down to the box, and found that it was indeed so. “How can it be?” asked Mary, “no one touches the box; it plays the tune by itself!”

“This, my dear,” said Mr. Barker, “is a musical box. A watch, you know, makes a ticking sound, and the hands show the hour; and this box makes music.”

“But mamma winds up her watch with a key, every night, and that keeps the wheels going.”

“True, my dear,” said Mr. Barker, “and I wound up this box and set the wheels going, although you did not perceive it.”

“And is this box like a watch?” asked Mary.

“No, you shall see the inside of it.” Mr. Barker lifted up the lid; and then taking his

watch from his pocket, he showed Mary the works of that also. She saw that they were not alike.

“You are too young,” he said, “to learn how all these wheels are made to move, or how the box makes the music; but one day I dare say you will know all about it.”

When the box left off playing, Mary thanked Mr. Barker, and again wishing all good night, went to bed. After she was undressed, had said her prayers, and laid her head on the pillow, she thought over all she had read, and all she had done in the whole day. She knew that she had learned some thing, and she felt that she had been good, for she felt quite happy. Soon she fell into a quiet and sound sleep, and thus ended what had been to her a very *Pleasant Day*.

Let any one, or all of our little readers, if they wish to be happy, strive to imitate Mary. Let them be kind, gentle, and affectionate, and endeavor to trouble their kind parents and

friends as little as possible. Let them be industrious when they are at work, studious when they are learning their lessons, and kind and gentle when they are at play. Then, like little Mary, they will be happy at the close of the day; then they will find that every day is indeed

A PLEASANT DAY.



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May, 1839.